

Harry Potter

AND THE
DEATHLY
HALLOWS
PART 1

(Revised Screenplay)

November 19th, 2010

EXT. PYLONS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

... MASSIVE ELECTRICAL PYLONS loom in the darkness.

Hagrid weaves through the towers,

Death Eaters streak INTO VIEW.

Harry whips his wand,

firing a volley of Stunning Spells -

two Death Eaters spiral into the SIZZLING wires,

spasming before vanishing into shadow.

Another Death Eater closes in from behind,

wand twitching, lips curling-

Suddenly - HEDWIG SWOOPS from above,

claws raking across the Death Eater's face.

His wand SPINS away into the dark.

Harry beams with relief - Hedwig is still with him.

Another volley of WAND BLASTS SCREAM past the motorbike,

sparks flying.

Hedwig wheels back, wings wide,

deflecting one curse in a burst of blinding light – it rebounds,
striking a pursuing broom. The rider spirals out, screaming.

Harry glances at Hedwig – wide-eyed, amazed.

HEDWIG wheels around, fierce, unbroken.

DEATH EATER

That's him! The real one!

Harry grips tighter,

Hedwig circling protectively,

not a fallen sacrifice but a warrior in feathers.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

harry emerges into the night,
shifting the rucksack as he eyes the reeds shifting eerily in the
darkness.

RON (O.S.)

Going somewhere?

Harry stiffens, turns to meet Ron's accusatory gaze, then continues
on.

HARRY

No one else is going to die. Not for me

RON

For you?

You think Madeye died for you?

You think George took that curse for you?

They may think you're the Chosen One,

mate

but the King is a whole lot bigger than that.

there's only one chosen one

Harry stares at Ron.

The air is tense.

HARRY

Come with me. Now.

RON

And leave Hermione?

Are you mad?

We wouldn't last two days without her

don't tell her i said that

besides you've still got the trace on you

and the wedding...

HARRY

wedding?

RON

Bill and Fleur.

Mum's been planning it for months.

only things that's kept her sane i reckon,

she'll kill me if i miss it

Kill you too.

Rather go face to face with you know who if

i'm being honest

Ron tries a smile, but Harry looks foul.

HARRY

i'm sorry but

i don't care about a bloody wedding

no matter whose it is

we have to start looking for a better place to stay

there has to be more believers out there

it's the only chance we can be safe

the longer we stay here

the more likely Voldemort can capture us

Ron just stares at Harry, calm, poised.

RON

Tonight's not the night, mate.

You'd only be doing him a favor.

Harry tosses his rucksack in frustration

they return back and walk to the house

RON

do you think he knows?

where we are staying?

HARRY

i don't know but

i hope we can find the ones who believe

and maybe hogwarts

can escape there too

for refuge

where we will be safe until the time comes

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The trio sit at the battered wooden table.

Torn newspapers litter the surface,

but the atmosphere is heavier —

AS HARRY REMOVES THE NOTE.

HARRY

To the King.

I know I will be dead long before you read this...

I have found the real place of refuge and intend to stay there and
never return...

RON

R.A.B. was Sirius' brother?

HERMIONE

Yes. Question is, did he actually find the real land?

A SHADOW lingers just outside the doorway. Harry leaps up, yanks it
inside —

KREACHER, muttering foul oaths.

RON

Kreacher...

HARRY

Spying again, were you?

Kreacher twists, but his eyes flicker toward the old locket Harry
dangles before him.

His breathing grows shallow.

HERMIONE

Maybe he knows.

Harry realizes, holds the locket higher.

It sways before Kreacher's wide, ancient eyes.

HARRY

Ever seen this before?

KREACHER GRUMBLES, resisting.

HARRY

This house is mine.

Sirius left it to me.

Which means you answer me.

Kreacher stiffens,

then his voice comes – low, almost a chant.

KREACHER

That was Master Regulus'...

but not his alone.

It was the key to the Path.

The trio exchange puzzled looks.

HARRY

The path?

path to where?

KREACHER**

(whispering now, unwilling)

Long ago... before the wars swallowed everything..

there was a colony.

Hidden.

A place untouched by Dark Lords and Ministry chains.

They lived free – safe – for centuries.

Hermione leans forward, breath caught.

HERMIONE

You mean... a whole people?

KREACHER

(eyes burning)

Yes. Master Regulus sought them.

He believed the locket would guide him to their gates.

A land of promise...

but he never found it.

Ron shifts, uneasy, his voice low.

RON

So it's not just a trinket then.

It's a map.

to the middle of nowhere?

Harry's hand tightens around the locket.

HARRY

Where, Kreacher?

Where's the way?

Kreacher's face twists — half hatred, half despair.

KREACHER

I do not know the gate.

But I have seen it in dreams.

Mountains split like jaws.

A river that runs backwards.

And a light – brighter than fire –

that no war could dim.

Silence fills the kitchen.

(He shudders, turns away.)

KREACHER (CONT'D)

But none of it matters now.

The locket... it was taken.

Harry stiffens.

HARRY

Taken? By who?

KREACHER

Mundungus.

Mundungus Fletcher.

A scavenger rat.

Came in the night.

Stole what was Master's.

Ron frowns

HERMIONE

So Mundungus has it.

So it's not just a Horcrux.

It's a map... a key.

HARRY

HARRY

(towards Kreacher)

find him.

bring him here

(towards hermione and ron)

If Regulus believed this locket led to the Colony...

then every Horcrux might hold a piece of it.

RON

then We destroy them...

and with each one,

the path clears.

Voldemort's weakened

and we'll find the Colony

HARRY

it's about time

let's go

it's time to chase freedom

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The wind groans outside.

The lantern flickers weakly on the table.

Hermione sits curled in the corner,

her journal fallen shut beside her.

Her fingers twist the hem of her sleeve.

Silent tears streak her face.

HERMIONE

(whispering, almost to herself)

I can't... not anymore.

I don't have it in me.

Her head drops against her knees.

She breathes hard, broken.

The tent flap shifts.

HERMIONE

(whispering to herself)

I can't fight this anymore.

I can't outsmart none of this.

If death comes—so be it.

But let me die
for what is right.

For You,

Her sobs soften.

Harry enters, brushing snow off his cloak.

He stops when he sees her.

HARRY

Hermione?

She quickly wipes her eyes,

but her voice is raw.

HERMIONE

(quiet, trembling)

He's gone.

Ron's gone... and I don't even know why.

Harry stands frozen, unsure.

HERMIONE

(voice cracking)

We keep running,

we keep fighting—

and for what?

I can't save anyone.

I can't even... hold myself together.

She buries her face in her arms,

her shoulders shaking.

Harry kneels, slowly.

His hand hovers awkwardly,

then rests on her sleeve.

HARRY

(soft)

I know.

I know.

They sit in silence.

The wind presses against the tent walls like a heavy breath.

Hermione lifts her head just enough to speak, her voice hoarse.

HERMIONE

If I live, I live for HIM.

If I die... then I die for HIM.

Her words hang fragile in the air.

Harry's eyes brim.

his lips press tight as if he's swallowing something deep. He nods,
once—slow, heavy.

HARRY

(choked, almost whispering)

Then... me too.

They don't move,

don't talk further.

they sit and mourn

two children,

broken but at peace,

the lantern casting them in a dim glow like a small sanctuary.

EXT. RON WILDERNESS - DAY 1

The sunlight filters through jagged branches.

A fire crackles weakly.

RON sits on a log,

hunched,

clutching a roughly carved spear.

His hands are raw from stripping bark.

He glares at the flames as if they were his enemy.

RON

(muttering to himself)

Harry still thinks he's the Chosen One.

Always the bloody hero.

And Hermione...

she'd rather follow him than—

(he snaps the stick against the ground)

What am I then?

Just the sidekick?

just someone to make stupid jokes and become a emotional sleeping
bag?

The tagalong Weasley?

He stands,
spear in hand.

His jaw is tight.

He pushes through the undergrowth
eyes darting.

Every twig snap echoes.

Then— a deer emerges,
cautious,

Ron freezes.

His chest heaves.

RON

(low, to himself)

Prove it. Ron

Show 'em you can do it.

He lunges clumsily, chasing.

After a frantic struggle,

the spear finds its mark.

The deer collapses.

Ron stumbles back,

shocked,

breathless,

staring at the animal's still body.

His anger softens, but only for a moment.

RON

(hoarse, almost guilty)

See?

Didn't need you potter.

Didn't need anyone.

CUT TO:

The fire burns brighter.

Meat sizzles.

Ron tears into it with messy hunger,

juice dripping down his chin.

He eats like a man proving a point.

His eyes flicker with defiance.

RON

(muttering through a mouthful)

I'll be fine.

Just fine without them.

The camera lingers: Ron alone,

firelight dancing on his tired face.

The forest looms, silent, watching.

EXT. RON WILDERNESS - DAY 2

The sun rises pale and cold.

Mist snakes through the trees.

Ron trudges,

spear dragging at his side,

eyes hollow.

His stomach growls audibly.

RON

(quiet, bitter)

Figures.

First day I'm some great hunter,

second day I'm just a starving prat.

He stalks through undergrowth,

crouching,

listening.

Twigs snap beneath him.

Every bird he aims for flits away.

Every track leads to nothing.

Hours pass.

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

Ron kneels at the water's edge,

face reflected back at him.

He cups his hands,

drinks deeply.

The cold stings his teeth,

but it's all he has.

He sits back, wiping his mouth,

staring at the rippling water.

His reflection distorts —

his face warps into Harry's for a moment,

then Hermione's,

as though mocking him.

RON

(flaring)

Stop it!

You're not here!

(he throws a rock into the water,
breaking the reflection)

You don't need me?

Fine.

I don't need you either.

But his voice cracks at the end.

He pulls his coat tighter and wanders deeper into the woods.

His spear drags behind him, forgotten.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Ron sits by a cold fire pit.

He didn't bother to light it.

The hunger gnaws at him,

sharper than anger now.

His body trembles.

RON

(quietly)

I just wanted... to be seen.

(long pause)

Just once.

Not the joke.

Not the sidekick.

He hugs his knees to his chest,

rocking slightly.

The forest is silent.

Above, the stars burn cold and merciless.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Ron's exhausted face as he whispers:

RON

(hoarse)

What am I doing out here?

—

He falls asleep against the log,

weak and shivering.

The night swallows him.

EXT. RON WILDERNESS - DAY 3

The trees sway in the freezing wind.

RON wakes up early unable to sleep fully

His jacket is ragged,

breath clouding in the warm air.

Silence presses in

until his voice cracks it open.

Ron gets up and walks,

looking for Deer

RON

(angrily, muttering at first)

Always Harry.

Always

the hero.

Brave one.

Loved one.

everyone loves him huh?

(bitter)

And me?

The sidekick.

The friend who tags along.

The extra Weasley.

The poor boy with hand-me-down everything.

he goes from girl to girl

always getting attention everywhere

gets fame for everything

i needed a liquid luck for a little glory

he didn't

now he dates my sister

of course Harry

yes yes

you want to take over my family now?

huh? do you?

you want to become the most wanted in the Weasleys now because you

DONT have a family?

now he's close to hermione

just wonderful

(he stands, pacing, voice rising)

I left my family for this!

Mum's probably crying her eyes out.

Dad's fighting Merlin-knows-what in the Ministry.

Ginny's at Hogwarts with him— with danger

and I'm out here

chasing shadows

with nothing to show for it

nothing to show for the weasley family

what am i?

He kicks the leaves,

He stares into the sky.

RON (continued)

you know

I hate the man i am

i hate being the noise for the world

the clown of the show

is that what you made me to be?

I hate that part of me wanted to leave.

I hate that Harry makes it look so easy.

I hate that Hermione...

(swallows hard)

Hermione looks at him

like he's the only one

who can save us.

His voice falters.

He collapses to his knees,

clutching his stomach.

RON

I'm starving.

Haven't eaten in days.

My head's spinning... I can't...

(softer, trembling)

Is this it then?

Am I just... useless?

A fool wandering around the woods until I die?

He buries his face in his hands.

and cries

Silence.

Only the sound of wind and his shallow breathing.

After a long moment, his hands drop.

His voice softens, breaking.

RON

I can't do this.

i can't do this any longer

(Gulps)

(he coughs violently)

please

(Coughs)

what have i done?

If You're there -

if You're real -

take it.

take me

my own way

All of it.

my anger,

my jealousy,

my pain

my hunger

Take me.

who am i

to fight

I cannot carry it myself.

Tears streak down his dirt-stained face.

He stares upward at the cold clouds

RON

I'm sorry.

For everything.

For leaving them.

For leaving You.

His body slumps, exhausted.

the wind blows in the stillness,

a faint flutter of wings echoes through the trees.

A shadow passes above him.

RON lifts his eyes, slowly dazed –

and sees HEDWIG, standing in front of his eyes.

RON

(gasps)

it's you

Her wings glimmer.

She lets out a cry – sharp,

guiding,

like a call home.

RON's lips part in awe.

For the first time,

he smiles through his tears.

RON

(whispering)

Lead me.

He rises slowly, clutching his chest.

and hedwig begins to fly

and Ron moves with joy

Following the owl into the sunlight,

over a flowing river that led the way

leaving behind the ashes.

INT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The locket quivers in Harry's hand, glowing white-hot.

He drops it into the snow. Its glass windows SNAP open.

Inside—two LIVING EYES blink: Tom Riddle's.

A VOICE slithers out, wrapping the air like smoke.

TOM RIDDLE (VOICE)

I have seen your heart, Ronald Weasley.

And it is mine...

HARRY

Don't listen to it, Ron.

TOM RIDDLE (VOICE)

I've seen your fears.

Least loved by the mother who longed for a daughter.

Least loved by the girl who prefers your friend...

The locket BURSTS with light—two shadowy FIGURES emerge:

GHOSTLY HARRY and HERMIONE.

They circle Ron, eyes glowing cruel.

RIDDLE-HARRY

We were better without you.

Happier without you.

RIDDLE-HERMIONE

Who could ever choose you, Ron?

What are you, compared with the Chosen One?

Ron trembles, sword shaking in his hand.

His face is twisted with rage and pain.

HARRY

It's lies, Ron! Stab it!

But instead of striking—Ron lowers the blade slightly.

His chest heaves.

Then—something shifts in his eyes.

RON

(looking at harry, bold)

Even if Hermione thought of you for a second—

I don't give a damn!

The ghostly figures freeze.

HARRY

wait what?

RON

(towards the ghostly figures)

Show me more Voldemort go on

Show me every illusion you got

of them snoggin, ALL OF IT

Let them Kiss. I DON'T CARE

she was NEVER my identity

i'm not here for YOU

The love i have now

is NEVER bound to Hermione.

Or to Harry.

Or to anyone on this wretched earth.

(he lifts the sword high, voice breaking into defiance)

I AM ONLY BOUND TO THE KING!

THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL NEVER LEAVE ME!

The Horcrux SHRIEKS.

The illusions writhe, flickering.

TOM RIDDLE (VOICE)

No—!

RON

(shouting over it)

ARGHHH

With a roar, Ron drives the sword down.

The locket EXPLODES in blinding light,

shadows torn apart.

When the smoke clears—only Ron stands,

chest heaving,

the sword buried in the earth.

Harry stares, stunned.

HARRY

Ron... you—

But before he can finish,

the air shimmers above the broken locket.

faint images flickers:

mountains splitting like jaws,

a river curling backwards,

and a star burning brighter than fire

humans in neighboring villages

farming and well pleased with each other

The image hangs for a breath, then vanishes.

The two exchange a look—this wasn't just destruction.

It was a vision

HARRY

(whispers)

a vision...

The Colony.

Ron wipes his face, trembling but steady.

RON

well there's that

only three more to go....

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The world SLAMS into stillness as Harry,

Ron, Hermione, and DOBBY tumble out of the portal.

A KNIFE streaks through after them—thrown by Bellatrix—
but it CLANGS uselessly against the ground and misses the portal.

The trio collapse,

gasping,

half in disbelief.

Dobby sprawls nearby,

wide-eyed and trembling... but alive.

For a long moment, no one speaks.

Then—slowly—Harry looks up.

The moonlight spreads silver across the waves.

The beach is wide,

endless, empty... and safe.

Ron laughs breathlessly.

Hermione covers her mouth,

sobbing in relief.

Harry whispers:

HARRY

(hoarse, in awe)

we're safe

—

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Dobby sits up,

blinking at the sky.

His face softens into a smile.

For the first time,

he looks utterly at peace.

DOBBY

Dobby... is free.

finally

I'm free

(he smiles with tears of joy and jumps on the sand)

And with friends.

Harry clasps his shoulder gently.

HARRY

Not just free.

Home.

The others gather,

hands linked,

and together they begin to sing—

Their voices echo against the cliffs,

carried out over the sea.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAWN

The group moves inland silently in case of enemies from the beach.

Morning light spills through towering trees.

Birds stir.

Streams glisten.

And then—

The trees part.

Before them lies a VILLAGE unlike any other:

open fields,

gardens woven into the land,

children laughing barefoot,

elders singing softly,

homes made of earth and wood.

Nature embraced them; nothing was forced.

This was the vision Harry once glimpsed.

The hidden Colony.

EXT. COLONY - CONTINUOUS

The people turn—

and as they spot the new arrivals,

they smile warmly, arms open in welcome.

Harry,

Ron,

Hermione,

and

Dobby all stop,

breath catching in awe.

The villagers step forward,

their faces lit like the rising sun.

Children laugh as they weave flower crowns, elders hum a song older
than time.

One VILLAGER, an older woman, extends her hand toward Harry, Ron,
Hermione, and Dobby.

VILLAGER

Welcome, children.

You've wandered long enough.

Here, no shadow can follow.

Harry's throat tightens

— all the battles,

the losses,

the pain

and for the first time

it doesn't weigh him down

He looks to Ron,

to Hermione,

to Dobby

all of them glowing with the relief of being home.

RON

(soft, almost laughing)

It's real.

HERMIONE

Yes... it's real.

Dobby drops to his knees,

pressing his hands into the soil,

tears streaming.

DOBBY

Dobby... is home.

The villagers begin to sing – not a mournful dirge

but a chorus of joy.

The sound rises like morning light,

wrapping around the newcomers like a warm embrace.

Harry closes his eyes,

smiling through his tears.

And for the first time since his parents died,

he feels utterly safe.

HARRY

(whispers)

We're free.

FADE OUT.